

Modern Homes

Most Rooms
Very Low and
Quite Small

By MARGARET BATESON

THREE-QUARTERS of a century ago it was the ambition of every prosperous citizen to build himself a house. His dining table, the altar of ceremonious hospitality, gave two dozen people ample space to dine and gesticulate around its polished spread of mahogany. At expansive moments toward the end of the feast some small child elaborately dressed and curled would be placed on the table and invited to make her way along with the decanters to the other end without upsetting the dishes of dessert. And there was space for the performance of the feat.

These houses really held things. There were immense pictures, of rich dark oils, in the dining room, and fine unfettered expanses of water colors in the drawing room. There was not only that great table with many leaves dedicated to eating; but in all the sitting rooms there would be ever so many fine, spacious solid tables on which work could be done and things could be laid.

The people who could now be living in big houses have packed themselves into small ones, and I believe they will discover one of these days that they have lost a good deal by the change. They have lost more than a certain number of feet of space; they have lost the effect upon the mind and character that a spacious life gives. We all know that people living on moors and prairies have as a rule a certain dignity that people who are much crowded lack. What the large farm or homestead does for the countryman as compared with the oft crowded villager, that the stately town house does for its inhabitants and especially for children and young people.

It makes the human being feel small by comparison with his surroundings, as the heavens and the ocean make him seem small. But it does not make him feel cheap and superfluous. The petty diminutive abode says daily to its owner: "Make haste; get out. Your room, little as it is, is wanted for others."

But all this community of house room proved at last too trying. Give me a place to myself, however small, was the cry that went up from sons and daughters, sisters and brothers, and even from parents, wearied with the noise of the family breakfast table and the personalities and occasional quarrels of the domestic board.

The cry has been answered by builders and hotel keepers. We have displaced to ourselves, and small they are. We have diminutive flats with reception rooms that just receive a tottering little table and nothing else. We dine at a table which accommodates a baby cruet almost under protest. The narrow beds in our little bedrooms have sides but no middle. There are no more fine pictures, only a quantity of photographs perilously edged against a narrow slat of wood.

And worst of all, there is not a decent table at which a person can sit with books and work at it. A drawing room may look prettier since the abolition from it of all sensible tables. But it is much less habitable. It is small wonder that people nowadays try continually to curtail the time after dinner. It is because there is nothing one can do in a drawing room. At best somebody plays the violin or sings; at worst the pianola is set going.

The poet who wished for "an hour of crowded life" should try living now. On the score of crowdedness, if not of life, he would be well content.

Some People Unable to Show Grief

By COL. HUGH BRAINARD
New Orleans

Can you tell me why people weep at a theater when the clever actor or actress depicts some phase of human woe?

It is something I've never yet been able to account for satisfactorily, as common a phenomenon as it is. Are those in the audience who do not shed tears less humane, less sympathetic than those who bewail their handkerchiefs with tears, as I saw a score of women do the other evening in a playhouse.

Now, as a matter of fact, when I see those lachrymose matrons and maids all about me I feel sorely inclined to laugh, and in saying this I risk being called an inhuman wretch, a monster and other complimentary terms.

The reason I am inclined to mirth is twofold. First, I am naturally light of heart, and, second, there is nothing in unreal wretchedness that influences my emotions.

The fictitious grief of the stage does not touch me a little bit, for I know the portrayer of the woe is only feigning.

Here's another point: Will these good folk who cry their eyes out over a putup job of misery be equally as quick to dissolve in tears should they perchance run into the real article?

I often wonder if the weepers in theaters are as readily touched by everyday manifestations of sure-enough suffering?

Six-Day Working Week for All People

By J. J. MAHONEY
Chicago

A nation-wide agitation is being carried on in favor of a proper observance of the six-day working week, and every man and woman who works six days of the week should join in advocating a complete day of rest without any strings tied to it.

It is not a religious matter and there need be no differences of opinion. Ministers of all denominations are outspoken in favor of a closed Sunday, and only recently in Emporia, Kan., the ministers there declared in favor of Uncle Sam's taking the initiative by refusing to deliver mail at the postoffice on Sunday.

The postoffice department is ever ready and willing to please all of the people all of the time, if possible, and it is to please the people that the department serves them on Sunday, and if it please the people the office will remain closed on Sunday.

So it is up to the people. Those who are not employed on Sunday and who demand their right—a right to rest one day in seven—should not expect to receive their mail on Sunday.

Very simple! Do as you would be done by.

PRAYER IS WITHOUT RESULT

Boy's Patience Is Exhausted After Frequent Petitions to Throne of Grace.

A young man who is prominent in church work in Philadelphia tells this about his nephew.

Harold is the youngster's name, and next door lives another boy by the name of Dewey. They are each seven years old, and like most children of their age are disposed to get into mischief as often as possible. Several days ago they found a man's coat lying on the front pavement while the owner was fixing a gas main. From the pockets of the coat the two boys abstracted several tickets, and when Harold's mother found it out she made him return the tickets and explained the sin which he had committed, warning him to pray that he be forgiven that night. He obeyed, and while on his knees added a prayer for Dewey as well.

The next night Harold's mother was in the next room when he said his prayers, and she heard him ask God to forgive Dewey for stealing a piece of cake. On the following evening he again was moved to ask forgiveness for his friend, this time for stealing three pieces of candy. Apparently his patience was exhausted, for the next evening his mother was in the adjoining room when he offered his evening prayer, and this is what she heard:

"Gosh darn it, God, I have done the best I could for Dewey. I guess you will have to watch him yourself."—Philadelphia Record.

HIRAM CARPENTER'S WONDERFUL CURE OF PSORIASIS.

"I have been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s psoriasis, and others leprosy, commencing on my scalp; and in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skillful doctors, it slowly but surely extended until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in the form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there would be nearly a dust-pail of scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr. — treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All thought I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs; feet badly swollen; toe-nails came off; finger-nails dead and hard as a bone; hair dead, dry and lifeless as old straw. O my God! how I did suffer.

"My sister wouldn't give up; said, 'We'll try Cuticura.' Some was applied to one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the terrible burning sensation from the word go. They immediately got Cuticura Resolvent, Ointment and Soap. I commenced by taking Cuticura Resolvent three times a day after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura Ointment morning and evening. Result: returned to my home in just six weeks from the time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper. Hiram E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y."

The above remarkable testimonial was written January 19, 1880, and is republished because of the permanency of the cure. Under date of April 22, 1910, Mr. Carpenter wrote from his present home, 610 Walnut St. So., Lansing, Mich.: "I have never suffered a return of the psoriasis and although many years have passed I have not forgotten the terrible suffering I endured before using the Cuticura Remedies."

What Impressed Him.
W. H. Child, president of the Yellowstone Park association, went to Europe two or three years ago and had for a companion a man interested in the hotel business. They traveled over Europe, investigating hotel and commissary problems to some extent, and finally arrived in Rome. They went into St. Peter's and stood beneath the dome. "Well," said Child, "here it is. Here's the dome." The hotel man took one look toward them and turned to Child and asked: "How hauch did that man in London say he wanted for them hams?"

Not What He Asked For.

A small boy hurried into the corner butcher shop and told the proprietor his mother wanted a nice, tender turkey for Thanksgiving, and she wanted it dressed. The butcher selected just such a bird from the lot in the window, and said, with satisfaction:

"Here's a dandy, my boy—just what your mother wants!"

"No, it ain't!" returned the youth. "That turkey hasn't any clothes on."—Judge.

The man who talks about himself is exceedingly interesting to the talker.

WAS TOO PUBLIC FOR HIM

Mild Mannered Little Man Has Very Embarrassing Experience on Street.

He was a mild-mannered little man, short, with gray hair and spectacles. It was noon on Washington street, and as usual the crowds were shoving and pushing to get somewhere. The little man was trying to worm his way through the crowds.

A well-dressed woman, accompanied by a small boy, was mixed up in the crowd. She wanted to cross the street. The boy stopped to look in a window.

The lady reached down and grasped a hand, saying: "Take my hand, dear." "Not right here on the public street," she was startled to hear some one reply.

Looking down she saw that she was clasping the hand of the very inoffensive little man, who seemed to be much confused and embarrassed. "Sir!" said she, haughtily, "I don't want you; I want my son."—Boston Traveler.

He Won.

Ex-Gov. Bob Taylor of Tennessee was once entertaining a northern guest, who was rather skeptical about the prevailing dialect in stories of southern negroes. He thought it over-drawn. To disprove the contention, Mr. Taylor laughingly made a wager with his guest that the northerner would be unable to interpret the language of the first negro they met. Accordingly, they set out and presently came upon a black man basking indolently in the sun. Telling his friend to pay close heed, Mr. Taylor stepped up to the negro and demanded, suddenly:

"Web he?"
The negro blinked his eyes stolidly, and then answered in a guttural voice:
"Wah who?"—Everybody's.

Wants a Long Engagement.
"Do you believe in long engagements?" he asked after she had consented to be his.

"Yes, dearest," she replied. "I have always thought it was such a mistake for two people to rush into matrimony before they learned to really know each other."

"Well, about how long would you wish the engagement to be?"

"Let me see. Would you think it was too long if we did not get married until a week from next Thursday?"

Precaution.

The family were fabulously wealthy, yet here was their baby being born with a plated spoon in its mouth. How came that about? The young parents, observing our perplexity, led us aside. "The silver spoon is kept in the safety vault and a cheap substitute is used in its stead. One is never sure of one's servants these days," they explained in a confidential whisper.—Puck.

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Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) cures the worst cases of rheumatism, bone pains, swollen muscles and joints, by purifying the blood and destroying the uric acid in the blood. Thousands of cases cured by B. B. B. after all other treatments failed. Price \$1.00 per large bottle at drug stores, with complete directions. Large sample free by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., Department B.

The Victor.

Cassidy—Harrigan was around th' day braggin' about th' batin' he gev Finnegan last Monda'.

Casey—Last Monda'! Sure that's near a week ago. 'Tis a wonder he wasn't around sooner.

Cassidy—Aye! but it seems he only recovered from it this mornin'.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*. In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Civilization.

Missionary—You claim to be civilized, and yet I find you torturing your captives.

Native—Pardon, but we do not call this torturing now. We are merely hazing him.

Reverse Art.

"An actress in her makeup reverses the usual rules of art."

"How so?"
"She paints first so she can draw afterward."

Quite Different.

"Do you always do a little more than is expected of you?"

"No, my boss always expects a little more than you can do."

Household Hints.

By taking one hobbie skirt and sewing up one end of it a very pretty ragbag may be made in which to put the others.

For HEADACHE—Hicks' CAPUDINE
Whether from Colds, Heat, Stomach or Nervous Troubles, Capudine will relieve you. It's liquid—pleasant to take—acts immediately. Try it. 10c., 25c., and 50c. at drug stores.

You do not lift the world by rolling up your eyes.

Remedies

It He U Grab Girl

Were we perfect, we wouldn't often be needed. As come weakened, impaired, unaccounted for, the conciliatory man through countless generations, marked his aid Nature in correcting our weaknesses. To reach the weakness and consequent digests, nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Balm, a glyceric compound, extracted from in roots—sold for over forty years. Weak Stomach, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Belching of food, Derangements, the "Discovery" is a time-pro-

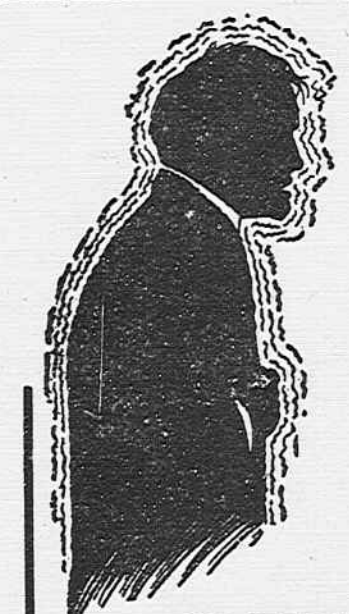
The genuine has on its outside wrapper the Signature

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for a medicine of known composition, not even though the thereby make a little bigger profit.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate the bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

A Retraction.
The conciliatory man replied the vindictive man is no sense in 40 cents a

have loved and lost. don't complain; you her-in-law on your hands. Significant Wink. the weary stranger, where and take 40



Shaking! Aching!! Shivering!! Quivering!!

THAT'S malaria. Malaria is murderous. It kills the vital powers. To cure malaria you must do more than stop the shaking and aching. You must stamp out the last spark of disease and put back into the body the strength and vigor that disease has destroyed.

OXIDINE

—a bottle proves.

does this so quickly and surely that it stands alone among malaria medicines as a perfect cure. It drives out Chills and Fever, and then begins its tonic action, rebuilding and revitalizing the entire system.

The tonic body-building properties of OXIDINE make it the most effectual of all remedies for disorders of Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels when these organs are failing in their functions.

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There is perhaps a greater difference between the REMINGTON and other .22 Repeaters than is to be found between rifles of any other class.

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